



THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS' METHOD OF CATCHING THE TREE-CRAB.

The tree-crab of the South Sea Islands is akin to the hermit crab, but it is larger, and it has its hind quarters sheathed in a shell. It is also known as the palm-crab, because it climbs the coconut palm and picks the fruit, which it nips off close to the stem. It always takes care to choose a palm-tree with plenty of stones at the foot, so that the coconut may be broken by the fall. When the natives see that a crab is in a tree they tie a ruff of grass round the trunk. When the crab comes down again he is upset by the grass, and falls heavily to the ground, where he lies stunned. He is then killed with a stone axe, his nippers are tied together, and he is slung upon a spear to be carried to camp. The South Sea Islanders roast the palm-crab between two hot stones, and consider the flesh a great delicacy. A specimen of this crab was brought to Honolulu a few days ago and destroyed.

OF THE MULTITUDES.

who have used it, or are now using it, we have never heard of any one who has been disappointed in it. No claims are made for it except those which are amply justified by experience. In commending it to the afflicted we simply point to its record. It has done great things, and it is certain to continue the excellent work. There is—we may honestly affirm—no medicine which can be used with greater and more reasonable faith and confidence. It nourishes and keeps up the strength during those periods when the appetite fails and food cannot be digested. To guard against imitations this "trade mark" is put on every bottle of



"Wampole's Preparation," and without it none is genuine. It is palatable as honey and contains the nutritive and curative properties of Pure Cod Liver Oil, extracted by us from fresh cod livers, combined with the Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites and the Extracts of Malt and Wild Cherry. Taken before meals it creates an appetite, aids digestion, renews vital power, drives out disease germs, makes the blood rich, red and full of constructive elements, and gives back to the pleasures and labors of the world many who had abandoned hope. Doctor S. H. McCoy, of Canada, says: "I testify with pleasure to its unlimited usefulness as a tissue builder." Its curative powers can always be relied upon. It makes a new era in medicine, and is beneficial from the first dose. "You can trust it as the Ivy does the Oak." One bottle convinces. Avoid all unreliable imitations. Sold by druggists throughout the world.

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CHURCH SERVICES TODAY.

ST. ANDREW'S CATHEDRAL—Simpson, 7, 9; Restarick, 11; children's service, 3 p. m.
ST. CLEMENT'S EPISCOPAL—Holy Communion, 7 a. m.; Osborne, 7:30 p. m.
ST. ELIZABETH'S CHURCH (Episcopal)—Potwine, 7 and 11 a. m.; 7:30 p. m.
CENTRAL UNION CHURCH—Sunder, 11 a. m.; Ebersole, 7:30 p. m.
METHODIST CHURCH—H. O. Emmons of the U. S. S. West Virginia, 11 a. m.; Hopwood, 7:30 p. m.
CHRISTIAN CHURCH—McKeever, 11 a. m.; 7:30 p. m.
GERMAN LUTHERAN CHURCH—Felmly, 11 a. m.; 7:30 p. m.; Sunday-school, 9:45 a. m.
KAWAIAHAO CHURCH—Parker, 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.
KAUMAKAPILI CHURCH—Lono, 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.
PORTUGUESE EVANGELICAL CHURCH—Soares, 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.
CHINESE CHURCH—Thwing, 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.
REORGANIZED CHURCH OF LATTER DAY SAINTS—Waller, services morning and evening.
CATHOLIC CHURCH OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST—Clement, 8:30 a. m., high mass, sermon, collection, Sunday-school; 4 p. m., rosary.
CATHOLIC CHURCH OF ST. JOSEPH—Moxallua, 11 a. m., high mass, sermon, collection, Sunday School; 3 p. m., rosary, catechism.
ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL—6 a. m., low mass with Portuguese instruction and Holy Communion; 7 a. m., low mass with Holy Communion; 9 a. m., children's mass with singing and English sermon; 10:30 a. m., high mass with native sermon; 2 p. m., rosary and native instruction; 7 p. m., Portuguese sermon and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. During the week masses at 6 and 7 a. m.
ST. AUGUSTINE'S CHAPEL (R. C.)—Waikiki, Valentin, services at 9 a. m., mass with singing and English sermon.
SEVENTH DAY ADVENTIST—767 Kinau street, Williams, 11 a. m.; 7:30 p. m.
CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SOCIETY—Room 1, Elite Building, 11 a. m.
SALVATION ARMY—10:30 a. m. and 6 and 8 p. m.
SEAMEN'S CHAPEL—Alakea street, 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.

SOME YOUTHFUL HEIRS

By the sudden death of Viscount Chelsea, the eldest son of Earl Cadogan, a 5-year-old boy has become heir to one of the greatest of London estates. He is Edward George Humphrey John, and some day he will be the owner of a large slice of Chelsea, one of the aristocratic sections of London, and in receipt of a yearly income of not much less than \$1,000,000.

This lucky little boy succeeds also to the title of Viscount Chelsea, which is one of the minor appendages of Earl Cadogan and worn by courtesy by his heir. When he was christened he had as sponsor not only the king, but the Prince of Wales as well. Very few youngsters in Great Britain have this double distinction conferred upon them, says the Detroit News-Tribune.

Besides the titles of Earl Cadogan and Viscount Chelsea, the future peer will some day be Baron Cadogan, Baron Oakley and hereditary trustee of the British museum. Besides his London wealth he will become the owner of a Suffolk hall, Bury St. Edmunds, one of the finest if not the finest estate in Suffolk, spreading over 10,000 beautiful acres. In the church yard attached to the estate is buried the wife of the Marquis of Cornwallis, of American Revolutionary fame, who was a former owner. The lady opposed with tooth

and nail her husband's acceptance of the command in the colonies, but her husband pool-pooled her objections. The Cadogans are connected by blood with another famous and more successful military hero—the first Duke of Wellington. The present Earl Cadogan is a grand-nephew and the future holder of a great-grand-nephew of the conqueror of Napoleon.

It is not generally known that the present Lord Cadogan might have been raised to the rank of marquis had he wished to accept the honor. The offer came from King Edward at the close of Lord Cadogan's term of office as lord lieutenant of Ireland, but was refused. Despite his great wealth he lives quietly and without ostentation in Chelsea house, Cadogan square, not far from the former home of Edna May, now Mrs. Oscar Lewisohn, who was one of his tenants.

His only dissipation, so to speak, is his turnouts, which are the theme of smartness. The horses are coal black, and on their heads are knots of pale blue ribbon, while the servants wear pale blue liveries. His state coach is like the conveyance of some fairy prince. The body is painted brown, picked out with pale blue. The occupant sits beneath a roof formed of pleated pale blue satin. Four coronets appear on the outside top corners, and the much-powdered, bewigged coachman is seated on a hampercloth of blue velvet loaded down with gold braid and heavy tassels. Two gorgeous footmen stand on a board at the back of the carriage and complete the outfit.

The earl, who is 68 years of age, is musical, a thorough sportsman and a follower of the turf. He is an ideal landlord, and upon one occasion, a few years ago, when selling a large piece of property, sacrificed \$250,000 rather than have the tenants turned out without a good long notice.

Another extremely youthful peer is also attracting attention because of the coming celebration of his 5th birthday. He is probably the only person in the world who has a private navy all to himself, although it consists of a single armed launch only. This interesting young man is Baron Chichester, Viscount Chichester, Earl of Donegal, Baron Fishwick, Earl of Belfast, hereditary governor of Carrickfergus castle, lord high admiral of Lough Neagh—in other words, the Marquis of Donegal.

Lough Neagh, over which this many-titled individual rules the waves, is an Irish lake, and at last accounts was about to be drained, so that the high-sounding title of lord high admiral of Lough Neagh will be no more than a name, although it will entitle its holder to all the naval honors of a British admiral. In the days of Good Queen Bess the title held by the marquis was much more than an empty honor. The control of Lough Neagh, which was the largest sheet of water in the British isles, was the cause of many battles royal, and the queen loaded the then marquis with money and favors.

Although it will be more than sixteen years before the boy marquis takes his seat on the leather benches of the house of lords, a place has already been reserved for him in the cloak room at Westminster for his hat and coat.

This youth represents a good deal of romance. When the boy was born his father was in his 82d year, the oldest member of the peerage. The old marquis, who died three years ago, had been three times married, both his former marriages being annulled, and both his former wives disappearing in a curious manner. But the first wife turned up again in an even more curious manner. She left him in 1803, and was not seen or heard of for thirty-five years, until December, 1838, when a feeble old woman, wearing a dilapidated dressing gown and carrying a Bible under her arm, was admitted to the Highgate workhouse under the title of the Marchioness of Donegal.

But the old marquis was not discouraged apparently by his two matrimonial failures. There was a strong reason to urge him to a third marriage in the fact that he had no son and heir and was very anxious to keep his brother from inheriting his title. It was in his 81st year that he married Miss Violet Twining of Halifax, Nova Scotia, who presented him with a son and heir the year after his marriage and the year before his death. The old marquis had run through his enormous estates, and the only fortune that he bequeathed with his eight titles to his little son was the sum of \$135, which, invested at 3½ per cent, would have brought in an income of exactly \$452 a year. It was the sporting proclivities of the old marquis which brought his fortunes to this, and he was living in a very unpretentious house in a very unfashionable London square when he luckily married a lady who was well provided enough to keep the wolf very far from the door.

Bill Nye in his earlier days once approached the manager of a lecture bureau with an application for employment, and was asked if he had ever done anything in that line. "Oh, yes," said Bill. "What have you done?" "Well," replied Bill, "my last job was in a dime museum, sitting in a barrel with the top of my head sticking out—posing as the largest ostrich-egg in captivity."

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Tommy—Pop, what is retribution? Tommy's Pop—Retribution, my son, is something that we are sure will eventually overtake other people.—Philadelphia Record.